SUNDAY CHAT

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

No matter how long a person may have been on the stage, a "first night" is always a nerve-trying event, the cause of much anxiety and worry, and of much speculation as to the success of the play and its "staying qualities. In putting out The Sunday Chat the publishers feel much the same as the star in a new production.

The success of The Sun, which has been extremely gratifying to its management and to its friends, has been the result of much hard work and most careful thought. The Sunday issue will demand greater study and labor, better work and thought—at least, if it fulfills the ideal of a Sunday paper such as the publishers of The Sunday Chat wish to issue.

The Sunday paper has long since been recognized as filling a peculiar and distinct mission in journalism. It comes into the family during the quiet of the Sabbath, in the hours of relaxation and rest. Where the other issues of the week are only "scanned," the Sunday paper is read, and that, too, by all the members of the family. The reading public thus demands more of the Sunday paper, a more diversified and a more careful selection of matter, a better "make-up" and a more artistic appearance in every way. It follows, therefore, in view of the greater latitude given the editor in the selection of reading matter, and the more critical demand of the reading public, that the opportunities of the Sunday paper for good or evil are correspondingly increased. But its influence for all that works for progress and improvement, for the good of a locality, is in reality measured by its own character, by the earnestness of purpose and sincerity of its labors; by its freedom from prejudice and partisanship; by its honesty and readiness at all times to espouse the cause of lofty ideals, whether in social, municipal or political affairs.

Whether The Sunday Chat will come up to this conception is a question to be solved in the near future. It shall be the earnest endeavor of its publishers to make it such.

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

"Be a force—not a figure. Above all else, don't be a cipher."

"Will weakness opens the door to infinite crime."

Don't be a tintype of someone else.—Emerson.

Tomorrow is All Fools Day.

THE INDISPENSABLE COMMONPLACE.

Are present conditions conducive to a peaceful state of mind for the least ambitious mortal? This is truthfully called "The Age of Extravagancies," and every member of society thinks, sometimes, his is a most poor lot because he belongs to the common, ordinary herd of mankind. On all sides he hears nothing but the "greatest this," or "the greatest that"—the man of enormous riches, or wonderful talents; a great orator, singer, editor or novelist, and he is inclined to rail against his fate Let such a man be of good cheer, This is mostly a world of commonplace people and things. Read what Charles Carroll Albertson has to say on this topic in the Saturday Evening Post:

"The human mind is easily fascinated by the extraordinary. Whatever is superlative in its way becomes at once the absorbing topic of conversation. The richest man in the world, the fastest horse in the world, the biggest fool in the world—the press makes these the subjects of its comments, to the exclusion of the things which are not phenomenal.

"But wise minds will not forget that the world wags on, that commerce, industry, art and life maintain the balance of things, by the undisturbed progress of the commonplace.

"Ordinary people, ordinary duties, ordinary opportunities, make up the indispensable qualities of life. 'One rain-drop falling on moor or meadow or mountain; one flake of snow melting into the immeasurable sea, is, and forever must be, the symbol of most men's acts and character.'

"The workingman who becomes dissatisfied with the monotony of his daily task with its daily wage; the housewife who frets herself into ill-temper because of the 'ceaseless round of little cares;' the schoolboy who chafes under the unexciting details of a humdrum existence; all these have need to be reminded that life in its largest relations—the state, the race, the wide, wide world—is dependent upon life in its most limited environment; upon the common worker, the common weaver, the common weal.

"The hewer of wood and drawer of water is as necessary to the plan by which society exists as are the judge, the senator, the magistrate. A watch marks time quite as much by the assistance of the smallest part of its mechanism as by the mainspring or the balance-wheel. The state—that is to say, organized society—is such a machine. It has its dial and hands. These are visible and prominent. But behind these, out of sight, and out of thought, save to those who have looked into the elaborate construction of it all, are the common parts, upon whose regular motion the whole depends."

The census of Great Britain and her colonies will be taken to-day. It seems strange that the government should give only one day for the task, but the officials claim that it is the most reliable method to pursue. So to-day John Bull's "quizzers" will be everywhere, in far off India, in Canada, in New Zealand, in Ireland, in Australia—everywhere where Edward is acknowledged sovereign. It is thought the totals of the lists, which are not expected to be complete for three years, will run over 300,000,000 souls. Think of it!

The feast of the resurrection of the Prince of Peace may most probably find the United States government at peace with the world.

Be persistent in all things.

The following services will be held at the German Evangelical church: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. German preaching at 10:30 a. m. English at night at 7:30. Everybody is heartily invited to attend these services. B. F. Wulfman.

Lengentide

The word "Lent" has a beautifult thought in its derivation. It comes from "Lengentide," a Saxon term for spring, meaning "the lengthening of the days." May it not be a help to the lengthening of one's days to pause for awhile and rest a bit?

Short are the glad days of feasting;
Longer the fast that remains:
God's merciful sunlight lengthens,
That the soul may balance her gains.
Out of the fret of life's fever—
Ah, soul of mine, answer me—
What hast thou gained as thy guerdon,
To wear through eternity?
Down in the struggle hast wrestled?
Soul-strength to gain in the fight:
E'en in the mire, hast chasteness—
Clothed thee in garments of white?
Lord, in our soul's darkened temple,
Come Thou with us and abide:
Cast out all carnal contentment—
Lead us through Lengentide!
Lend us Thy passionate pleading:
Man's lost godhood to reclaim:
Till in Love's holy cathedral,
All mortals worship Thy name.
Short then will seem all earth's winter,
When through eternity's spring—
Praises no more penitential
Shall make heaven's high arches ring.
—Selected.

Some one has asked if Lent was as generally observed in Paducah's antebellum days as it now is. Inquiry has proven that it was not; in fact, every year is seeing it more and more observed. The reason for this is plainly to be seen in the life that we live now-a-days. We are keyed to a higher pitch than ever our grandmothers were; our age is one of rush that keeps every nerve on tension. We take our pleasures and our work alike, with hardly a pause between whiles for the breath with which to go on. Now life in our grandmother's time was trod as to the measure of a stately minuet, there was no undue haste, no rush about anything. That Paducah had many large and elegant entertainments in its early social history is well known, but they were creations of infinite time, more leisure attended the giving them, and there was more space between them. One could linger for the deeply ceremonious bow to hostess and friends and not with a hunted smile and hurried farewell have to rush on to something else.

Then they were not club women, either, these grandmothers of ours; nor did they spend the daylight hours in the glare of artificial lights, in darkened houses, attending some swell function. But that is our way of living now, and each year, perhaps, it is becoming more marked, and we must do it as best we can, so you see the observance of Lent as a season of rest, a time for growth, for meditation, is more necessary to this age than it ever was in the past, when nervous prostration was an unknown element in the lives of the hardy men and women who spent not so recklessly their God-given time and strength as we prodigals are prone to do. There were not, then, so many physical break-downs as mark today when we are all trying to carry double, doing it bravely, too, but "losing out" all the sooner, perhaps, because of it. For the society woman of today is not content with merely brightening the world, she needs must seek to lift it, also. To many wearied swimmers in the social maelstrom there would come no rest at all, were it not for the if growing custom of observing Lent, which has its beneficial phases, you see, aside from its religious aspect. Considered in this light, Lent may well be styled "Society's breathing time," the pause whereby it collects itself, and "takes stock," as it were, and reaches out in other directions, picking up the "dropped stitches," and making lighter this burden of much serving.

"The Making of a City."

By REV. G. W. BRIGGS, D. D.

"The Making of a City." The phrase is a convenient one. In reality, however, a city is not made—it grows. It is not a mechanism, but an organism. Though made up of thousands of separate individualities, it is, or ought to be, a unit, with identity of purpose and spirit, and a common ideal and enthusiasm. Hence a city has a character. It is "up-to-date" or "behind the times;" it is commercial or literary, radical or conservative, patriotic or sordid, righteous or wicked. There are cities whose very atmosphere seems to create energy and enterprise. There are cities where it seems the most natural thing in the world to be not only intellectually alert, but morally circumspect. There are other cities in which a man must fight if he would save the best things of mind and morals from being trodden underfoot. What sort of cities are growing in America? What sort of a city will we make of Paducah? It will be time for the world to come to an end when it produces a race of men indifferent to such questions.

In the development of an organism it is the germ that determines the finished product; and in the making of a city the germ is the civic ideal. What is the true civic ideal? In an address in Westbourne park, London, the other day, one of the greatest of modern Englishmen said: "The key-note of a people is fixed by the ideal of its cities; and the true civic ideal is the co-operation of all the citizens in the production of clean, honorable, energetic, capable and patriotic men and women." That is to say, the increase of wealth, business and population should be subordinate and secondary to the great purpose of making worthy men and women. And he was right.

Does wealth make a city? Here is the way John Burns, the labor leader, describes one of the richest cities in the world: "Cunning and greed have heaped up money in the hands of a small minority who have done little or nothing toward its production. For more than sixty years the people have been slowly buying off the claims of the Manorial lords. They must ransom their freedom by an enormous sum, gathered painfully in poverty and serfdom."

Does business make a city? C. G. Ames, the successor of James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, thus describes one of the greatest markets in America: "This miserable drive makes life hard for everybody. The whole thing rests on selfishness. It compels business men to crowd and snatch or fail. It puts honesty and justice at a disadvantage and offers premiums to cunning and fraud."

Does population make a city? A stagnant pool is populous; so is a rotting carcase. Here is George R. Sims' description of the most populous city of the world: "Instead of going to dine with the Lord-mayor last night I went down to the East End, among that mighty mob of famished, diseased and miserable Helots. Every woman or girl I saw bore on her features traces of ill-treatment. Six out of every ten men were either drunk or under the influence of drink. I came out of those slums feeling that it was impossible to expect men to be kind and sympathetic and thoughtful of one another while compelled to herd together like pigs, and to fight at the dock gates for work—to live the life of brutes instead of lives of dignified manhood."

What makes a city? The wealth, the culture and the morals of its people. And what are the agencies through which these things are produced? Enlightened business enterprise, the school, and the church. Public virtue is not produced by statutes. It comes of personal and collective aspiration and practice. It comes by inspiration of God, which, unless obstructed, is common as the sunlight, free as the air, natural as life Churches, schools and enlightened business flow from it, and they in turn propagate and nourish it, as well as register and promote its progress. For this reason we must not only create and improve these agencies, but make the most of them, and watch over them with the eternal vigilance which is the price men must always pay for the best and highest things The man of wealth should remember, and public sentiment should remind him when he forgets, that he is a trustee of what he has and must administer his property on principles consistent with the common welfare. The school should be lifted at any cost to the highest possible standard, and anything which stands in the way of its excellence and efficincye—any man or any policy—should be promptly repudiated by the indignant people.

And the church—what of it? Of this agency, which might be of more value to us than all the rest, our people are not making what they should. Why is it that our churches are not crowded every Sunday? Every man in the community, Christian or not, should attend some church at least once on Sunday. If he can find no higher reason, he should go as a matter of public policy. He should regard church-going as among the duties of his citizenship. There is not room, nor perhaps is this the place, to refer to the higher motives. One question, however, might be pardoned: Who among us owes nothing to the church? Not the poor. If the Founder of the Church had established an order of nobility it would have been the order of the poor. Certainly not the rich. The church has been the best friend the rich man ever had, for it has courageously warned him of his daily peril and taught him how to escape it. And above all, not the working man. Who shall estimate what the toiling millions owe to the man who stood by the work bench of Nazareth and earned his daily bread! The book which the church keeps canonizes labor. The saint of the Gospels is a saint in overalls. The longer I live the more do I passionately believe that there is no future for the human race apart from Jesus of Nazareth. He is the ideal citizen, as well as the ideal man. And not until to our material improvement we add His moral elevation, his loyalty to truth, his lofty disinterestedness of thought and deed, shall we usher in the day when

In city streets the strife of greed shall cease,
Love shall tread out the hate-fires of anger
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

PASSING COMMENTS.

[Continued from preceding page.]

best attractions possible to a city of this size."

A list of the attractions that can be named at present is: James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennice;" "The Sorrows of Satan;" "Way Down East; Al Fields; Murray and Mack, in "Shooting the Chutes;" Archie Boyd, in a new play, Neil Burgers in "County Fair;" "The Evil Eye;" "At the Old Cross Roads;" "The Watch on the Rhine," and others.

Mr. Melvin Wallerstein told an incident the past week that evidences the fact that the theater already had a reputation. He says he was in The Planters Hotel at St. Louis the other day and James K. Hackett and some friends were there. They were talking about theaters when Mr. Hackett remarked: "They tell me the town of Paducah, Ky., will have the finest theater in the entire south next season, I hear it on all sides." A gentleman introduced Mr. Wallerstein to the famous actor and they chatted about the theater, and Mr. Hackett said he was most assuredly coming to Paducah to play in that new theater when it was completed.

Nobody can blame the czar of Russia for objecting to a Remember-the-Maine finish.